

COOKIE INVADERS

by

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EXT. CAR OUTSIDE HOUSE - DAY

Tony and Mario, two local hoods with heavy silver chains around their necks and guns in their laps, case a house. The dash board is cluttered with fast food leftovers.

MARIO

This nice neighborhood? Looks all wrong, Tony.

TONY

My cousin says this the place. She's got the goods in the house. And the dough. They don't call her The Baker for nothing.

MARIO

I don't know, man.

TONY

Trust me. And the best part, with that much dope in the house, she can't go to the cops.

MARIO

Look, someone's coming.

INT. ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A mom-looking customer rings the doorbell. Leanne answers.

CUSTOMER #1

Hi, Leanne. I'm picking up some cookies for the bake sale.

A table close to the door holds filled brown bags. Some have smiley faces on them. Leanne grabs a bag without a smiley and hands it to the customer.

LEANNE

Fresh from the oven.

CUSTOMER #1

What about the smiley ones.

LEANNE

Between us, you don't want them. They're fattening.

The customer holds out \$10. Leanne refuses.

LEANNE

This is on me.

The customer leaves and Leanne closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Leanne returns to baking. An open bag of marijuana lies among the ingredients.

EXT. CAR OUTSIDE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tony takes out a fancy pocket watch and looks at the time.

MARIO

Man, what ya want with that antique? You got an iPhone.

TONY

Eh, this is my lucky watch. Been in my family forever. Let's go, Mario.

MARIO

Wait. Someones coming.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A trucks stops in front of the house. A casually dressed stoner gets out and walks up to the house.

INT. ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The doorbell rings. Leanne answers.

CUSTOMER #2

I hear you sell cookies?

Leanne

Sure. One bag?

CUSTOMER #2

Yeah.

Leanne grabs a bag without a smiley.

CUSTOMER #2

Er, I've been thinking...

Leanne

Yes?

CUSTOMER #2

(slowly)

Oh, I got it. I've been thinking about doing this for a long time.

Leanne

Oh, alright.

Leanne puts the bag back and takes one with a smiley.

Leanne (CONT'D)

That'll be a hundred.

The customer gives her a stack of folded bills and leaves.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Leanne returns to baking. The doorbell rings again.

INT. ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Leanne opens the door. Tony and Mario step in uninvited and lift their shirts showing the guns tugged into the waste bands.

TONY

Eh, ya, give us the good stuff.

Leanne, showing no reaction to the guns, adjusts her glasses.

Leanne

(cheerfully)

Phillip, is that you? I haven't seen you in forever.

She hugs Tony and pulls him to the kitchen. He gives Mario an astonished look and flips a bird.

TONY

This is gonna be easy.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Leanne sits Tony down at the kitchen table. Mario takes a seat too. She grabs a bag with three smileys from a counter, takes out two cookies, and places them on plates.

LEANNE

You have to try my cookies. I save
the best for my good friends.

She places the plates in front of the two man who look at each other puzzled. Tony shrugs and picks up the cookie. Mario follows. Leanne serves them two glasses of milk while they chew on the cookies.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Good, right?

Tony nods while chewing.

LEANNE

I only use the best ingredients.
All natural. Locally grown.

The two hoodlums finish eating. Mario licks his fingers. Tony notices the bag of weed on the counter.

TONY

Okay, now, time for business.
Where's the cash?

He stands, but cannot maintain balance, and quickly sits.

TONY

I feel funny.

LEANNE

Good, right? With the extra kick.

Mario's head moves sideways while he points to the ceiling.

MARIO

Look, man, the sun is dancing.

TONY

What did you do to us, bitch?

He pulls out his gun, but is unable to hold it steady. Mario crashes to the ground.

LEANNE

Oh, my, maybe I put a teensy too
much in that batch.

Tony falls off the chair. Leanne picks up the marijuana bag while dialing 9-1-1.

INT. ENTRANCE - LATER

A plain-clothes detective, holding the bag of weed up, leads a cuffed, staggering Tony to the open door. His silver chains are gone.

DETECTIVE

I'd say that's three ounces. That's trafficking, buddy.

TONY

Eh, it's not mine. That bitch planted that on me.

DETECTIVE

Tell that to the judge.

An officer takes Tony to the car. The detective turns to Leanne.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

The stupidity of these druggies never ceases to amaze me. Armed home invasion while stoned and with drugs on them. They're looking at ten plus six.

Leanne

I hope they throw the book at them. We don't need drug peddlers in our neighborhood.

DETECTIVE

I have to try these cookies, Ma'am. You must do gang buster business. This is, what, the third attempted robbery?

Leanne

The fourth. These hoodlums love my cookies too, I guess.

She hands the detective a bag without a smiley.

DETECTIVE

Thank you. Sorry, Ma'am, I forgot your name.

Leanne

Call me The Baker.

He leaves and she closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She picks up a ring lying under the kitchen table. Leanne opens a kitchen drawer filled with jewelry and cash. She tosses in the ring. It lands next to Tony's pocket watch and silver chains.